

Jane had to take piano lessons. Her mom and dad made her go. Jane did not like playing the piano. She did not like the stupid songs. She did not like going to the lessons. Her parents made Jane so mad. They never let her do anything fun.

It was Monday. Jane had lessons on Mondays. Jane did not like Mondays. Jane had not practiced her music much. The teacher had assigned new songs. They were stupid songs. "These songs are for babies," said Jane. Mom and Dad still made her go. They said, "We work hard to earn our money. It costs a lot of money to pay for your piano lessons. We think you should learn how to play. You will be glad when you are older. Then you will thank us. Until you grow up, you must do as we say. And you should do it with a

smile on your face. We are not trying to be mean. We promise. We love you, Jane."

Jane felt bad. She knew that Mom and Dad wanted her to learn to play. Jane just did not like the "baby" songs that they wanted her to learn.

Jane went to her lesson. "Hello," said Miss Brasher. "Come on in." Jane walked in. She sat down at the piano. Her teacher asked her to play the songs she had practiced. Jane began to play. She did not do very well. She had not practiced enough.

"Did you practice?" asked the teacher. "Yes," said Jane. "But maybe I need more practice. I will go home and practice this week. Then I will come back. I will play better then. I promise."

The teacher told Jane to leave. Then she called her parents. She told them that Jane did not practice.

Jane got into trouble. Her parents were mad. They made her practice each afternoon. She could not play with her friends.

Jane soon learned the music. She became a good player. When she went to the teacher, she played well. The teacher called her parents again. She bragged on Jane. Her parents were happy. Jane was happy.

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